

No. 9

JUNE

The KILROYS



America's Funniest Family!

YOU'RE NOT
KIDDIN' NATCH!
SPRING **IS**
HERE!

FWOINNVEG!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

MOON MULLINS SAYS...

I GOT MY OWN MAGAZINE
NOW, FOLKS! AN' 50 MILLION
READERS CAN'T BE WRONG!



50 MILLIONS
...AN ARMY OF
MOON MULLINS
FANS WHO'VE
FOLLOWED FRANK
WILLARD'S LAUGH-
ABLE CHARACTER
FOR YEARS IN
THE DAILY NEWS-
PAPERS, AND CAN'T
GET ENOUGH OF
HIM! SO NOW
COMES THE ANSWER

TO 50 MILLION PRAYERS ... **MOON IN HIS MAGAZINE**
AND YOURS ... **'MOON MULLINS'!**

Don't Miss "MOON MULLINS"...

JAM-PACKED WITH CHUCKLES AND HOWLS! CLIMB
ON THE BELLY-LAUGH BANDWAGON WITH MOON...
WITH **KAYO**... **UNCLE WILLIE**... **LORD PLUSH-
BOTTOM**... **EMMY**... **MAMIE**... THE COMIC CUT-
UPS WHO TICKLE AMERICA'S FUNNYBONE! THEY'RE ALL

in

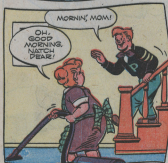
MOON MULLINS

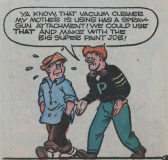
10¢ ON
ALL
STANDS

The KILROYS

in
"CAR PAINTIN' BLUES"









MEANWHILE---

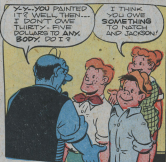
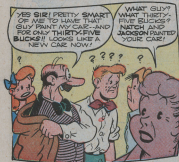
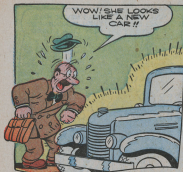






AND SHORTLY
AFTER NOON--





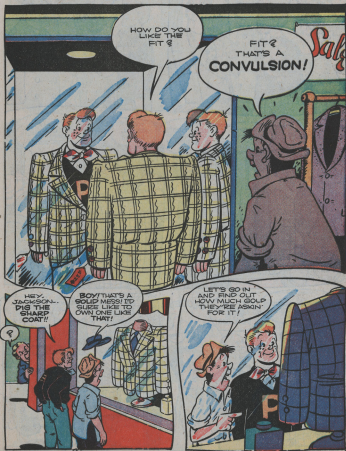
KOLLEGE KAPERS

by AL HARTLEY

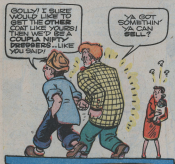


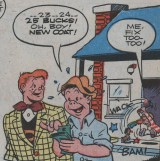
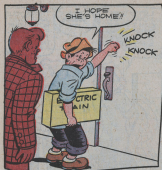
Natch

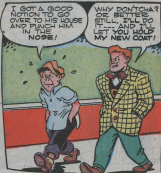
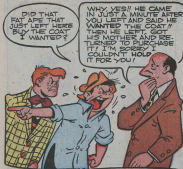
"A COUPLA NIFTY DRESSERS"













A LASTING IMPRESSION

"IF she'd only come over and visit!" wailed Mrs. Binks, looking out of the window. "Mrs. Snowden is a member of one of the oldest, swankiest families in society. And to think she's my new neighbor!"

"Aw phooey!" Donald Binks couldn't understand his mother at all. "Who cares for that stuff anyhow? We're havin' ball practice out on the front lawn, mom. S'long!"

Leaving his mother twittering about how stand-offish Mrs. Snowden seemed to be, Don dashed out to meet the other guys. He was pitching that afternoon, and was determined to show off his new, fast curve.

Curving his fingers lovingly around the ball, Don let loose with a fast pitch. Zoom! Zip! The ball shot through the air with the greatest of ease, gathering speed until . . . Crash! Right through the window of Mrs. Snowden's living room went the pill, sending out a shower of glass splinters!

"Uh-oh!" Donald Binks swallowed hard. Then, taking a deep breath, he marched towards Mrs. Snowden's house. "I gotta apologize, fellas," he exclaimed. "It's the only manly thing to do!"

He ran up the front steps, tried the door and found it open. "Well, here goes!" thought Donald, walking straight into the hallway—and straight into a large plant stand.

Smash! Thud! A shower of flowerpots poured down, covering the spic-and-span floor with clods of earth, falling blossoms, pieces of clay flowerpot! Mrs. Snowden's hallway was a battlefield!

"And just what is the meaning of this?" a majestic voice inquired.

Donald was down on his hands and knees trying to pick up the poor remains of the flower stand. Choking, he rose hastily and . . . wham! He bumped into Mrs. Snowden, sending her off balance!

"Who . . . are . . . you?" demanded Mrs. Snowden coldly, picking herself up off the floor.

Again Donald took a deep breath. "I'm Donald Binks, ma'am, an' I live right next door and I . . ."

"My window! My plants! My house!" Mrs. Snowden's face was as red as any geranium on the floor. "So, you vandal! You housebreaker! You little wretch!"

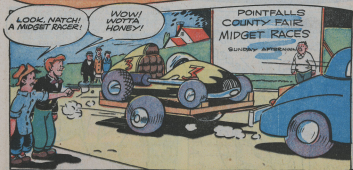
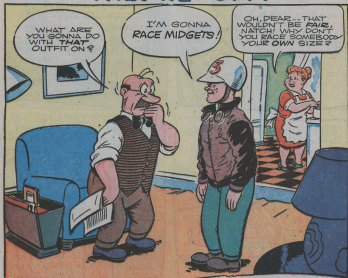
Seething with fury, Mrs. Snowden walked out of her house, marched like a soldier across her lawn and practically goose-stepped toward Donald Binks' house.

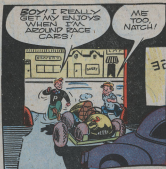
Poor innocent Mrs. Binks watched Mrs. Snowden's approach from her front window. "My!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands together happily. "Mrs. Snowden is coming to visit at last. Isn't that friendly!"

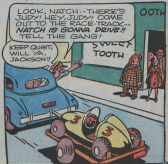
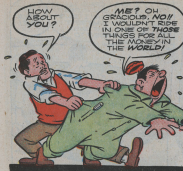
As for Donald, the only thing he could say was . . . "Gulp!"

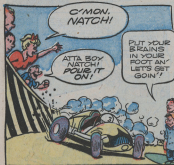
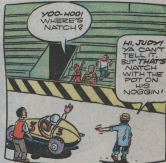
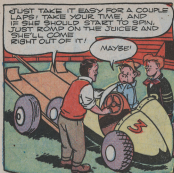
The KILROYS

in
"THEY'RE OFF!"









YOU DID OKAY FOR THE FIRST TIME OUT -- YOU'RE HIRED! YOU DRIVE FOR ME SUNDAY!

OH, GOODY! THIS IS SO THRILLING! JUST THINK, MY NATCHO, A RACE-DRIVER!

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OH, GOODY! THIS IS SO THRILLING! JUST THINK, MY NATCHO, A RACE-DRIVER!

THAT EVENING, AT THE KILROY DINNER TABLE ----

I GOT MYSELF A JOB TODAY!

YOU DID? WELL... THAT'S WONDERFUL!

YES, AND I KNOW WHAT DOIN', TOO --- THE KIDS DOWN AT THE SWEET TOOTH WERE TALKIN' ABOUT IT! BUT I BETCHA MOM AND Y' POP WON'T LETCHA DO IT!'

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YOU KEEP OUTTA THIS, KATIE! NOBODY ASKED YOU TO STICK YOUR NOSE IN!

WELL, I DON'T CARE! EVEN IF YOU ARE A CORNY OL' BROTHER I DON'T WANT YOU DRIVIN' RACE CARS!

YOU KEEP OUTTA THIS, KATIE! NOBODY ASKED YOU TO STICK YOUR NOSE IN!

WELL, I DON'T CARE! EVEN IF YOU ARE A CORNY OL' BROTHER I DON'T WANT YOU DRIVIN' RACE CARS!

NOW YA SEE WHAT YA DID TO MOM?

I DIDN'T DO IT, YOU DID IT!

I'LL TELL YOU SOME THIN ELSE YOU'RE NOT GONNA DO! YOU'RE NOT GONNA DRIVE ANY RACE CAR!

NOW YA SEE WHAT YA DID TO MOM?

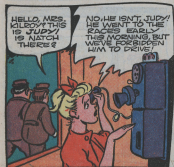
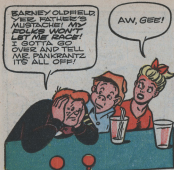
I DIDN'T DO IT, YOU DID IT!

I'LL TELL YOU SOME THIN ELSE YOU'RE NOT GONNA DO! YOU'RE NOT GONNA DRIVE ANY RACE CAR!

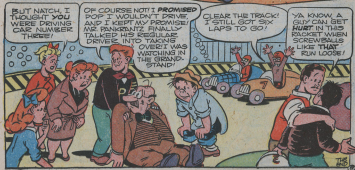
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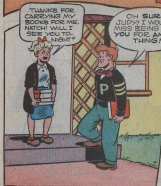
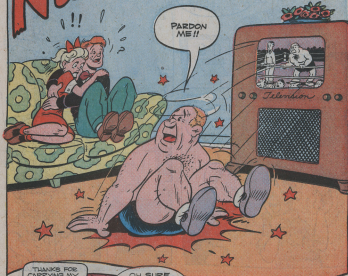




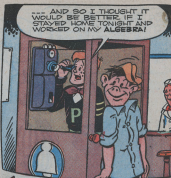
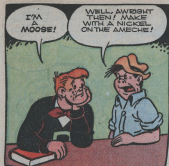


Natch

in "tattle-tale
TELEVISION"







WELL THEN, IF THAT OL' NATCH
 WEN'T GONNA BEE WITH YOU
 TONIGHT, I THOUGHT MAYBE
 YOU WOULD LIKE TO SPEND THE
 EVENING WITH ME! WE HAVE A
 NEW TELEVISION SET AT OUR
 HOUSE, AND I'D LIKE TO HAVE
 YOU COME OVER AND WATCH
 THE PROGRAMS WITH ME!

I'D
 LOVE TO,
 WILBUR!
 I'LL ASK
 MY MOM!

MOTHER, WILBUR WANTS
 ME TO COME TO HIS HOUSE
 TONIGHT TO SEE THEIR
 NEW TELE-
 VISION SET!
 MAY I?

HOW
 DO YOU
 DO, MRS.
 FARRELL?

WHY,
 OF COURSE!
 I THINK
 IT WAS
 SWEET OF
 WILBUR TO
 ASK YOU!

GEE, JUDY! I WISH YOU AND ME COULD
 GO STEADY! I GOT THIS KEEN ROADSTER
 AN' EVERYTHING! NATCH HAS GOT THAT
 OL' BEAT-UP HOT ROD WITH NO TOP...

I LIKE
 NATCH'S JALOPY
 WITH NO
 TOP!

MATER, THIS IS
 JUDY FARRELL!
 JUDY... MY
 MATER!

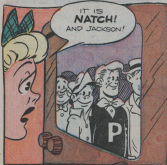
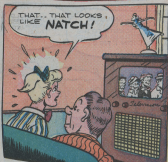
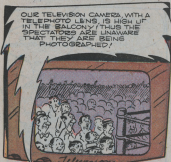
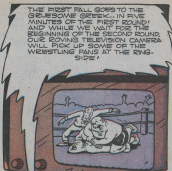
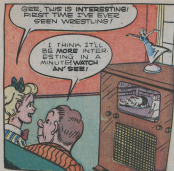
HOW DO YOU DO,
 MRS. MORTON?

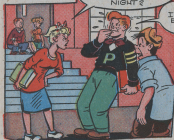
MY! WHAT
 A CHARMING
 GIRL!

NOW IF YOU TWO
 LOVE BIRDS WILL JUST
 GET COMEY, I'LL GET
 A TELEVISION PROGRAM
 FOR YOU! MY! WHAT
 A DARLING COUPLE
 YOU MAKE!

AND NOW THE MAKERS OF
 DOUBLE-EDGE RAZOR BLADES,
 THE BLUE BLADE FOR BLUE
 BLOODS, BRING YOU THE
 WRESTLING MATCHES, DIRECT
 FROM MEDICINE SQUARE GARDEN!

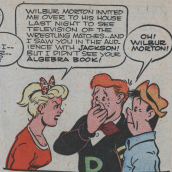






GOOD MORNING, MISTER KIDNEY! DID YOU ENJOY THE WRESTLING MATCHES LAST NIGHT?

I-I--
ER--



WILBUR MORTON INVITED ME OVER TO HIS HOUSE LAST NIGHT TO SEE TELEVISION OF THE WRESTLING MATCHES...AND I SAW YOU IN THE AUDIENCE WITH JACKSON! BUT I DIDN'T SEE YOUR ALGEBRA BOOK!

OH! WILBUR MORTON!



HMM - WILBUR MORTON GAVE YOU THE TICKETS TO THE WRESTLING MATCHES, DIDN'T HE?

SURE! AN' HE KNEW I'D TAKE YOU!



YA SEE, JUDY? IT WAS A FRAME-UP!

YA WAS DOUBLE-CROSSED!



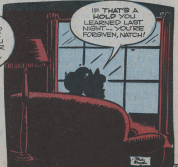
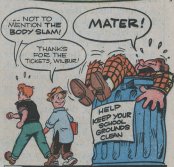
JUST WAIT! I GET MY HANDS ON THAT FAT WOLF!

ANYWAY, YOU STILL TOLD ME A LIE!!



THERE HE IS!

LEMME AT 'IM!



DEEP WATERS

THE crowd was having a super-special shindig down at the lake. The sun was hot, the water was cool and blue and the raft, laden with guys and gals, bobbed gently up and down.

Jimmy Briggs flexed his muscles, stretched his body taut and looked around to see whether the gang was watching him. "Hey, everybody," he yelled, "watch my jackknife!"

Up into the air he shot, folding his body so that his fingertips touched his toes. He split the water neatly, came up again and grinned.

"Guess I'm pretty terrific!" he boasted. "Hey, Danny, don't ya wish ya were as good as me?"

Danny Hilton, the most retiring boy in the crowd, smiled. "You are good, Jimmy," he said quietly.

"Good? I'm *sensational*! Here, lemme show ya my swan dive!" Danny watched as Jimmy curved gracefully towards the lake again.

"Too bad you're a minus-muscleman!" Jimmy mocked Danny. "Why don'tcha take ten easy lessons, Danny? With luck, you might get ta be a poor imitation of me!"

Danny said nothing. He watched Jimmy jump into one of the canoes that was tied to the edge of the raft. Jimmy undid the rope and hoisted a paddle in his hand.

"Now you're gonna see somethin' that's somethin'!" Jimmy didn't believe in being too modest. "I'll make this canoe do tricks. . . ."

"You better take it easy, Jimmy," Danny tried to warn him, but Jim was too carried away by his success. Paddling the canoe out into the lake, he tried to stand up straight in the frail birch.

"Look at me . . ." he yelled. And then it happened! In one swift upset, the canoe tilted, spilled Jimmy into the water . . . and came down on his forehead with a terrific whack! "Ooooh!" moaned Jimmy, before consciousness left him.

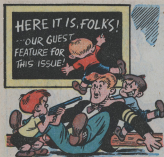
Before the gang could tell what was happening, Danny Hilton dived into the lake and plowed through the water toward Jimmy.

"I hope I remember what the book says!" Danny breathed, as he seized Jimmy's hair and started back. Maybe it wasn't the most graceful swimming, but Danny Hilton got Jimmy onto the raft.

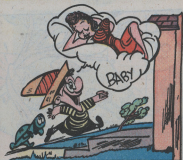
"Artificial respiration!" Danny muttered, straddling Jimmy's prone figure. "I cup my hands and count evenly . . . one . . . two . . . three. . . ."

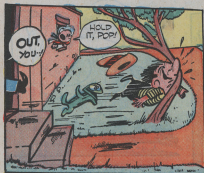
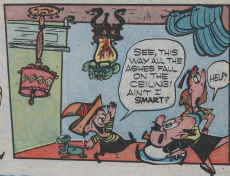
A few minutes later, Jimmy Briggs opened his eyes. "What . . . what happened?" he asked weakly, and then his memory returned. "I . . . went under an' someone pulled me out! Someone . . . Danny! Danny, was it you?"

Although Danny Hilton said nothing, Jim understood. "Guess I learned a lesson," he grinned warmly, "even if my face is awful red!"



The BABY- SITTERS





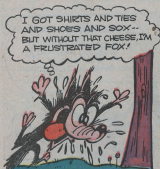
GOOD NIGHT, DEAR!





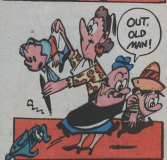
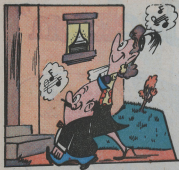








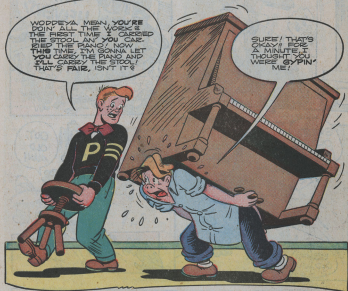




"Solid Jackson"

WODDEYA MEAN, YOU'RE DOIN' ALL THE WORK & THE FIRST TIME I CARRIED THE STOOL AND YOU CARRIED THE PIANO / NOW THIS TIME, I'M GONNA LET YOU CARRY THE PIANO AND I'LL CARRY THE STOOL! THAT'S FAIR, ISN'T IT?

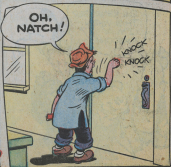
SURE! THAT'S OKAY! FOR A MINUTE I THOUGHT YOU WERE GYPIN' ME!



I GOT A COUPLE TICKETS TO THE BASEBALL GAME THIS AFTER-NOON! I'LL GO OVER AND SEE IF NATCH CAN GO WITH ME!



OH, NATCH!





DID'JA
LOOK IN
THE SWEET
TOOTH?



SURE! I BEEN
EVERY PLACE--
HIS HOUSE, THE
JUKE JOINT AN'
HERE! WHERE
ELSE CAN A
GUY LOOK?



MAYBE HE'S
HOME NOW!



YEAH----
MAYBE!



'TIS I AGAIN,
MIZ KILROY! IS
NATCH HOME YET?



NO, HE'S
NOT! HAVEN'T
YOU FOUND
HIM?

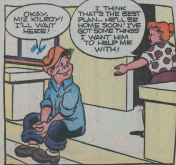
GOSH, NO!
I LOOKED ALL
OVER... EVERY PLACE!
I'D LIKE 'IM TA
GO TA THE BALL
GAME WITH ME!!



YOU NEVER
WILL FIND HIM.
RUNNING ALL
OVER TOWN!
THE BEST THING
TO DO IS TO SIT
DOWN AND WAIT!



OKAY,
MIZ KILROY!
I'LL WAIT
HERE!



I THINK
THAT'S THE BEST
PLAN-- HE'LL BE
HOME SOON! I'VE
GOT SOME THINGS
I WANT HIM
TO HELP ME
WITH!

MAYBE I
OUSHTA RUN
AN AD IN THE
MISSING
PERSONS
COLUMN!



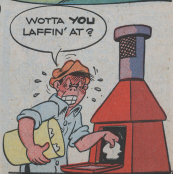


WAIT A
MINUTE,
MIZ KILROY!
LET ME
DO THAT !!

WOULD YOU, JACKSON?
THAT'S SWEET OF YOU!
I SIMPLY MUST HAVE
THIS LAWN CUT!! I
CAN'T IMAGINE WHERE
NATCH COULD BE!



WOTTA YOU
LAFFIN' AT ?



DOGSBONE
NATCH!! WHY
DOESN'T HE
STAY HOME ??



I'M ALL DONE
WITH THE LAWN,
MIZ KILROY!

THAT'S FINE,
JACKSON! WOULD
YOU MIND BURNING
THESE PAPERS
FOR ME?



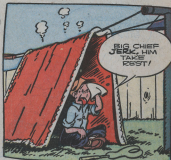
HERE, MIZ KILROY, LET ME DO THAT!

WOULD YOU, JACKSON? KATIE COULD BE HELPING, BUT SHE'S GONE FOR THE DAY! NATCH SHOULD BE DOING THIS!

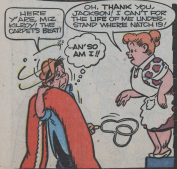


I WISH NATCH'D SHOW UP NOW! I'D BEAT 'IM LIKE THIS CARPET!

POW!
BIFF
SOK



BIG CHIEF JERK, HIM TAKE REST!



HERE Y'ARE, MIZ KILROY! THE CARPET'S BEAT!

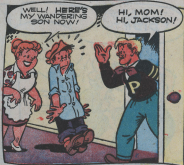
OH, THANK YOU, JACKSON! I CAN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME UNDERSTAND WHERE NATCH IS!

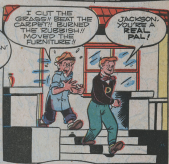
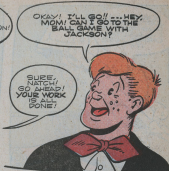
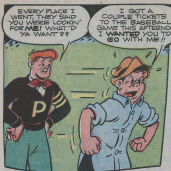
-AN'SO AM I!!



I CAN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME UNDERSTAND WHERE HE IS EITHER! UGH!

JUST BEING IT IN HERE, JACKSON DEAR!





Amazing NEW Mickey Mouse-Donald Duck WEATHER FORECASTER

Do you want to
know tomorrow's
weather today?

Watch for balmy days ahead
when Mickey Mouse is out—
beware of rain when
Donald Duck's about.

More than 2,000,000 Weatherman tried-and-tested home weather forecasters are in daily use all over America. Farmers, housewives, businessmen, laborers, doctors, lawyers and children of all ages check the Weather House for its predictions. When Mickey Mouse comes out watch for fine weather; when Donald Duck appears, be on the lookout for bad weather!

Guaranteed by the world's largest manufacturer of weather forecasters

There is no difficult mechanism to get out of order—nothing complicated to study. You'll love the whole beloved Disney clan—Figaro the Cat, the rooster weather vane and Pluto the Pup. The Mickey Mouse Weather House is sturdy, works indoors or out, is made of brightly colored plastic all hand painted.

Operates Automatically

Simply set your Weather House and it is ready for action. You'll marvel at the mysterious way in which Mickey and Donald move in and out of the house.

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

The Weatherman is so certain that you will be thrilled with your Weather House that he makes this offer: pay your postage \$1.49 plus postage when your Weather House is delivered; test it for accuracy—watch it closely, see how it works. If you are not 100% pleased simply return it within ten days and your money will be refunded.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Weatherman, Dept. C.D.E.
430 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

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☐ send C.O.D.

☐ I enclose \$1.49—ship prepaid.

Name.....
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Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

SEND NO MONEY

Simply mail coupon today. Upon receipt of your Weather House pay postage \$1.49 plus C.O.D. postage. If you don't agree that your Weather House is worth many dollars more than the small cost, return it within 10 days and get your money back in full.

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